THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED.”
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

“When thou seest a man of understanding, get thee betimes unto him, and let thy feet wear the steps of his door.”

YES, in a world of weak ones, it is our duty, it will be our pleasure, and, ye selfish generation, it will be for our *interest* too, to yield favours to the wise, and bread to men of understanding. Our patronage will be but rarely exercised, and few will be the loaves for these wise men to devour, for I looked, and lo! they are a solitary and scanty band, unobtrusive, like the hermit of the mountains.

But, though the ‘man of understanding’ is rarely to be seen, and, though it would profit us much under the sun, to gather the honey of his lips, such is our perverseness, our folly, or our fate, that, untrodden by our ‘feet,’ we suffer the moss to gather on the ‘steps of his door.’

My study window overlooks the house of an eminent physician: he understands, accurately, the nice movements of the human machine; he is a botanist, skilled in the properties of plants, the cedar of Libanus, and the ‘hyssop on the wall;’ he has meditated on the system of nature, and he has tried many of the processes of art. I see him turning over the volumes which contain the secrets of medicine, and I hear him describe, skilfully, the various modes to blunt, or to extract, the arrows of disease. But, alas! my careless countrymen, ‘all this availeth him nothing.’ The blind, the maim, and the halt, of our villages, refuse bread to this ‘man of understanding,’ and measure their wheat, in brimming bushels, to the quack, who cannot distinguish between a fever and the gout, who applies his nippers to a wart, and thinks he extracts a cancer, who poisons you with antimony, curdles your blood with calomel, drenches you with enfeebling teas, and, as a wit once expressed it, prescribes draughts so *neutral*, they declare neither for the patient nor the malady. If the Royal Preacher, in whose writings I find my text, had seen whole villages, clamorous, at the midnight hour, for a fœtid quack, and his powders, and ‘passing by on the other side,’ when they see the regular practitioner, he would have forgotten, for a moment, all the wisdom of the East, and, like provoked Peter, in the Gospel, would ‘curse and swear’ at such egregious folly.

Those of my readers, who will gladly turn out of the paths of error, when they hear a warning voice behind them, ‘here is a better path, walk therein,’ will, I hope, learn the value of ‘men of understanding.’ When their value is once known, the ‘steps of their door’ will be hourly ascended. They will teach us how to think, to speak, and to act. If divines, they will not attempt to persuade you, that Heaven cannot be taken, but by the violence of Scotch divinity. If lawyers, they will not demand exorbitant fees to support a rotten cause. If physicians, you will hear them utter no words more cramp than ‘Temperance’ and ‘Regimen.’ If moralists, they will mark the difference between wisdom and cunning, they will point out the weakness, as well as wickedness, of those petty frauds, those iniquitous contracts, those tricking arts of *jockeyship*, so frequent, and so disgraceful among a rural people, where nought but simplicity should be found. To such divines you will cheerfully vote the amplest salary, and you will receive in exchange that wisdom, which we are assured, in a volume of the highest authority, is better than rubies.

BIOGRAPHY.

[If the author of the ‘Epigoniad’ merited, even in a moderate degree, the title of ‘the Scotch HOMER,’ his life, and a criticism on his writings, should be attentively read by every man of letters. Although but little known in this country, yet he has been liberally extolled by foreign critics. In a summer's retirement, when the Editor indulged himself occasionally with the luxuries of literatnre, and from the barren sands and dusty deserts of politics, turned aside for an instant to refresh himself at the Muses spring, he derived much pleasure from the following, and is willing to believe that it will not prove an irksome article to others.]

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WILKIE, D. D.

Of the personal history of Wilkie, ‘the Scotch Homer,’ there is no written memorial. Though his writings are not more distinguished for learning and genius, than his life was remarkable for originality of manners, his name is not to be found in any collection of literary biography.

In 1783, a design was formed of writing his life, to be prefixed to a new edition of his poems, by the Rev. Dr. William Thomson, whose abilities, in other literary provinces, have justly obtained him the sanction of public applause. In the prosecution of this design, Dr. Thomson was encouraged by the approbation of the late Earl of Lauderdale, and assisted by information obtained by Mr. Andrew Dalzel, professor of Greek, in the university of Edinburgh, from his cousin, the Rev. Robert Liston, minister of Aberdour, the Rev. James Robertson, minister of Ratho, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Robertson, minister of Dalmeny. After having made some progress in digesting the materials, the intended edition of his poems not meeting with suitable encouragement, Dr. Thomson was compelled to desist; and his friends are disappointed in the hope of seeing justice done to his memory, by the same masterly pen that has enriched English literature by the ‘Continuation of Watson's history of Philip III.’ the ‘Translation of Cunningham's history of Great Britain,’ and other ingenious and elegant performances.

It is with becoming diffidence the present writer takes upon him a task, which has been declined by Dr. Thomson; but, in collecting the works of this poet, with those of other eminent poets of our nation, it is incumbent upon him to prefix some account of his life, which, however inadequate to his merits, or unsatisfactory to his friends, may not be altogether unwelcome to the public, who, it has been often observed, will always take an interest in those persons from whose labours they have derived profit or delight.

The facts stated in the present account, are partly taken from some detached portions of Dr. Thomson's unfinished narrative, and partly from the original information furnished by Mr. Robertson, Mr. Liston, and Dr. Robertson, obligingly communicated to the present writer, by Dr. Thomson, through the kindness of professor Dalzel, whose laudable endeavours to vindicate the fame, and to preserve the memory of this poet, entitle him to the gratitude of the lovers of classical and polite literature.

William Wilkie was born at Echlin, in the parish of Dalmeny, in the county of West-Lothian, October 5, 1721. His great-grandfather was a younger son of the family of Wilkie, of Rathobyres, in the parish of Ratho, one of the oldest families in Mid-Lothian, and the undoubted chief of the Wilkies. His grandfather rented the farm of Echlin, and purchased a part of the estate of Rathobyres, which he transmitted with the farm to his son, the poet's father, who was a worthy, liberal, and intelligent man, never opulent, on the contrary, poor, and rather unfortunate through life. His mother was a woman of distinguished prudence and understanding, and able, it is said, to express her thoughts in the most grammatical manner, and proper words on every subject.

He received his early education at the parish school of Dalmeny, under the care of Mr. Riddel, a very respectable and successful teacher. At school, he obtained the reputation of a boy of excellent parts, and, on many occasions, discovered marks of that peculiarity and fertility of genius that so remarkably characterised his future life.

He discovered an early propensity to the study of poetry, and began to write verses in his tenth year, as appears by the following description of a Storm, written at that age, and published by Dr. Robertson, in the 9th vol. of ‘the Statistical Account of Scotland,’ which must be allowed to be a very correct and manly performance for a boy of ten:

What penetrating mind can rightly form
A faint idea of a raging storm?
Who can express of elements the war,
And noisy thunder roaring from afar?
This subject is superior to my skill;
Yet I'll begin, to show I want not will.
A pitchy cloud displays itself on high:
And with its sable mantle veils the sky:
Fraught with the magazine of heaven does throw
Bolts, barb'd with fire, upon the world below.
All nature shakes, and the whole heavens smoke;
Nor can the gross black cloud sustain the shock:
But op'ning from his magazines doth roll
Thick smoke and flames of fire from pole to pole.
Thence hail, snow, vapour, mix'd with flames of fire,
With conjunct force against the earth conspire.
Monsters of sea and land do loudly roar,
And make the deep resound from shore to shore.
The spumy waves come rolling from afar,
And with loud jars declare the watry war.
They upward mount, and raise their crests on high,
And beat the middle regions of the sky.
Downwards they fall upon the swelling deep,
And toss the rigging of some low sunk ship:
Upwards they tower, and, falling down again,
They bury men and cargo in the main.
The boiling deep doth from her low sunk cell
Throw out black waves resembling those of hell.

They forward roll, and hideously do roar,
And vent their rage against the rocky shore.

At the age of thirteen, he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself in the different classes of languages, philosophy, and theology; and formed many of those friendships and connections which afforded him much happiness through life.

Among the number of his fellow collegians, with whom he lived in habits of the closest intimacy, were Dr. Robertson, Mr. John Home, Dr. M'Ghie, and Professor Cleghorn. Dr. Robertson afterwards and Mr. John Home figured high in the literary world. Dr. M'Ghie went to London, obtained the friendship of Dr. Johnson, and became a member of the Ivy-lane club. Professor Cleghorn, a man of great promise, died young.

His intellectual faculties of every sort now began to make a rapid progress, the cause of which may, in a great measure, be attributed to the conversation of the companions he chanced to find in the university, and to the societies which, about that time, began to be formed among the students for their mutual improvement in literary composition, philosophical disquisition, and public speaking, in which his talents found ample scope and encouragement.

His conversation with men of taste and learning, and the excitement which their example would give to his emulation, would do more towards the improvement of his mind than any lectures he could attend, or any mode of study he could pursue. The present writer would not, however, have it thought that he conceives either of these to be without their use; he would only affirm, that they hold a secondary place, when compared with the society of such men as it was his felicity to find contemporary students in the university.

It was likewise very fortunate for him, that, during the course of his education at Edinburgh, he became known to David Hume and Dr. Ferguson, and, at a later period, to Dr. Smith, by all of whom he was held in a higher light than a common acquaintance.

In literary societies, and private conversation, he had an opportunity of being thoroughly acquainted with the capacities, as well as the tempers and dispositions of his contemporaries.

Of all his acquaintance, he regarded Dr. Smith with the greatest admiration, and Dr. Ferguson with the greatest affection. He considered Dr. Smith as a superior genius to Mr. Hume. He possessed, in his opinion, equal learning, and greater originality and invention; for what may appear strange, he by no means considered Mr. Hume as an original or inventive genius. The subtlety of his reasoning, the extent of his reading, the depth and solidity of his reflections he greatly admired, but still he thought that he did not draw so much as Dr. Smith, or even Lord Kaimes, from the stores of his own mind. He said that he trod in the footsteps of Bolingbroke, and certain French philosophers; that he greedily imbibed their ideas, and was studious to glean what they had left behind them; that he informed himself with great industry of the opinions and views of great men, in all ages of the world, compared them together, preferred what he thought best, drew corollaries from their reasoning, and, on the whole, exhibited a striking example of industry and of judgment. But he availed himself of the ignorance of the world to pass that as new, which in reality was old; and that his ideas were either borrowed from other writers, or deductions and improvements on conclusions already established.

Such was the opinion entertained by Wilkie concerning Mr. Hume. Invention is a power which must needs stand high in the admiration of a poet, and Wilkie spoke like a poet, when he magnified its praise, as if it had been a divine impulse, which operated its effects instantaneously, and without that leisurly and gradual process which takes place in every production of human genius.

The ideas of men are linked together by a chain of association. Wilkie, perceiving, or thinking that he perceived the steps by which Mr. Hume was led to the doctrines he advanced, but not discerning, in like manner, the process by which Dr. Smith was led to the formation of his theories, pronounced the former a man of industry and judgment, and the latter a man of industry and genius.

It certainly matters not whether a hint be derived from a book, or from conversation, or accidental occurrence in the material or moral world. Every idea is derivative. What is said of genius and invention, in contradistinction to memory and judgment, is commonly vague and indefinite.

Wilkie appears to have had a predilection for Dr. Smith, otherwise, in the exuberance of his own invention, he might have discovered or conjectured that the first hints of the 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' a theory so amiable, so useful in life, and to a certain and important extent, so just, may have been originally suggested by some thoughts in the 'De Augmentis Scientiarum,' of Bacon, or from Dr. Butler's 'Sermons on Human Nature.'

While he was prosecuting his literary studies at Edinburgh, his father died, and left him no other inheritance than the stock and unexpired lease of his farm at the Fisher's Tryste, about two miles west from that city, and the charge of his three sisters; having sold his property at Rathobyres, a short time before his death, and applied the purchase-money to the payment of his debts.

For the occupation of a farmer, which this melancholy event devolved upon him, he was eminently qualified, both by his habits of speculation and experience; having been accustomed, as he grew up, to divide with his father the business of the farm, which, as is usual in those of small extent, was chiefly cutivated by the common labour of the family.

Confiding, however, in the powers of which he was conscious, he seems not to have trusted for his future maintenance to his exertions as a farmer; for, while he managed his farm, he prosecuted his studies in divinity, and commenced preacher of the gospel.

The narrowness of his circumstances obliged him to live with great economy, and it was during this period, owing particularly to the necessities of his situation, that he contracted an uncommon degree of parsimony, which he practised more than was necessary in his future life.

About this time one of his sisters was married to Mr. John Cleghorn, farmer at Granton, in the parish of Cramond, a man of strong parts, very amiable disposition, and great ability in his profession. With him he contracted the most intimate habits of friendship and correspondence. In all matters of husbandry and common life, he quoted Mr. Cleghorn's practice and maxims, as the standard of perfection, in every conversation. He was his most confidential friend through life, and they died about the same time.

From Mr. Cleghorn he probably derived many of those maxims and principles in husbandry which he practised with amazing success in the management of his farm. He became eminent in many branches of science; but in nothing did he excel more than in a thorough and profound knowledge of the art of husbandry. He used often to say, that to discern properly the real qualities of different soils, and to apply, with success, the culture proper for each, required the highest exertion of the human understanding.

Though he was, in many respects, the most speculative and fanciful man in the world, yet he was very careful, in the character of a farmer, to avoid the chemical theories, and to adhere to the plain, direct, and sure road of experience. He was fully convinced that, to open the earth for the admission of the fostering influences of heaven, and to return into her lap her own produce, whether in the form of vegetables or animals, was the great art of promoting her fertility, and preparing her for the important work of reproduction. Dead horses, dogs, cats, and animals of all kinds, he was at pains to pick up, and to convert them into a *pabulum* for useful vegetables. Every thing that abounded with the principles of vegetation he was eager to add to his dung-hill. He watched his people, often shared in their labour, and made it a rule to encourage good servants, both by better wages, and by encomiums and little premiums; but, on no account, would suffer the vicious, or the slothful, to live with him on any terms. He seemed to be particularly successful in the culture of potatos, and was often, from this circumstance, denominated the *potato-minister*.

In this course of life, he had much intercourse with the country people in the way of making bargains; from which he took occasion to make many curious remarks on human nature. There was nothing about the lower ranks of men that struck him so much as their cunning. 'I can raise crops,' he would exclaim, 'better than any of my neighbours; but I am always cheated in the market.'

In the midst of all these operations of agriculture, he found leisure to cultivate the study of polite literature, and aspired to the renown of an epic poet.

There is not a doubt that poets are moved by the divine impulse of the 'heavenly muse;' the 'spirit that inspired on Horeb the chosen shepherd;' the 'powers of song;' the 'philosophic power of melancholy;' or by whatever name that invisible cause is called, which produces that inward thrilling which seeks to express itself in verse; yet do local and political circumstances incline the poet to stir up the gift that is within him; and, but for these circumstances, Wilkie would not, perhaps, have known that he was born a poet. He made no scruple of confessing, that he thought it good policy to rouse his poetical talents, and to listen to the dictates of the 'powers of song.'

When he had quitted the college, and found himself destitute of powerful friends, he began to meditate on the most probable means of introducing himself to the notice of the great. To compose a book in philosophy would be doing nothing; it might be read by a few men of learning, most of whom had, in all liklihood, fixed their philosophical creed, and imagined, that whatever was contradictory to their notions was false, and whatever passed the circle of their knowledge, superfluous. He once intended to write a novel; but that species of writing, though it required the finest parts, was not likely to lead to any preferment. The world, though well pleased to laugh at the fancies of the novelist, would not, he apprehended, think of rewarding him. In the whole circle of science and art, there was not any study that appeared to him, at once, so congenial to his powers, and so conducive to his interest, as poetry. He, therefore, determined to write an epic poem.

[*To be Continued.*]

MISCELLANY.

[It has been observed by some ill natured wit, or old bachelor, that *female* friendships are often formed in a minute, and broken in an hour. It has been long suspected that notwithstanding the plausibility of smiling professions, a woman rarely continues her regard for one, who, in the opinion of the *Gentlemen*, has a brighter eye or more winning smile, than herself.

We recommend to the consideration of all boarding school misses the following Essay, written by one of the most successful imitators of Addison's easy stile and smiling satire.]

> Ipsi pauca velim, facilem si præbeat aurem;
> Nemo petit, modicis quæ mittebantur amicis
> A Seneca; quæ Piso bonus, quæ Cotta solebat
> Largiri. JUVENAL.

What suggested to me the subject of this Paper was a truly interesting conversation which took place a few days ago at the Society of Ladies, on the present state of female friendship. As I can patiently allow the fair sex to be deficient is none of the qualities which sweeten the commerce of life, I was beyond measure disappointed and chagrined at seeing a report laid before the Board, which held out a very unfavourable representation of the friendship of the female world. As my natural cheerfulness of character makes me no inconsiderable favourite among the young ladies, I am not unfrequently taken into their confidence, and am so eminently indulged, as to be permitted sometimes to peruse the letters which pass between them in that celestial intercourse which succeeds to the confinement of a boarding-school. I was so struck with one of these, which was put into my hands about half a year ago, that I could not forbear transcribing it, to preserve so sacred a memorial of disinterested affection; and having been premitted to insert it in my Paper, whenever the honour of the sex might appear to require it, I think I cannot choose a fitter moment for its introduction than when it my serve to counterbalance what I shall afterwards with pain produce on the other side.

Isabella Clara Matilda to *Sophia Saccharissa Myrtilla.*

Alas! and could then Myrtilla for a moment imagine that her Matilda could forget her Myrtilla's last injunctions? or am I only dreaming? No, never, 'while memory holds a seat in this distracted brain.' No, never, while I move in this interested scene of selfish contest. But no more—why fatigue you with a repetition of what you have so long been convinced of? Matilda forget her Myrtilla! perish the thought. No, that sacred lock I will carry with me inviolate to my cold grave, to revive the never perishing remembrance of the ———. But why mention her? Yes, my Myrtilla knows whom I should have said, without the formality of names. True friendship disdains to particularise. Even after the cold hand of Death shall put his icy seal upon my lips, my heart shall still vibrate to the chord of friendship. Blessed idea and only known to hearts where sensibility takes up her melting abode! Dear sensibility! balm to my spirits, and solace to my cares! Alas! but no more of that. I will touch a livelier key. All hearts are not alike framed for the exquisite pleasures of melancholy. You are a wicked jade Myrtilla, for deserting me at the moment you did. As soon as you were gone, my old persecutor, Sir Harry, pushed himself into your place, still full of your tender idea. You may imagine, my dear, my situation. All my train of reflections were put to flight, by that tiresome tale of his unconquerable passion. Never, never shall my heart acknowledge any other sentiments than those which friendship inspires. Thy precious lock, dearest girl, is part consigned to the sacred custody of my bracelet, and part interwoven in my own hair, an emblem of our inseparable loves. The top drawer of my conscious bureau is the sacred repository of those relicks which you left your expiring Matilda at the dreadful moment of your departure. These are, indeed, my dear, the only consolation that remains; and what words can paint the ecstacy with which I run from that Sir Harry to imprint a hallowed kiss on the *trifle from Tunbridge*, as the urn in which the sacred ashes of my dear friend's memory repose.

"Two o'clock.—That insufferable man, Sir Harry, has made me eternally his enemy. He insisted upon it, that I must have some little Deity that I adored in my chamber, and swore that he would kneel to the same shrine. Do you know, the audacious wretch followed me up stairs, and ravished from me that kiss which I had consecrated to the dear tortoise shell toothpick-case, one of thy sacred remembrances. Since this greatest of my misfortunes, I have considered my lips as too profane to touch any relicks of thine.

"Four o'clock. Tuesday—Would you believe it, my dear girl? Sir Harry is the most truly wretched penitent that ever the world saw. He swears and vows he looks upon himself as the vilest of creatures, since he committed such a sacrilege at the shrine of friendship. He is growing quite Platonic, and offers to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Morocco, to atone for the injury done to friendship, to me, and my Myrtilla.

"Seven o'clock.—Oh, Myrtilla! join with me, my dear, in the warm transports of a feeling heart. Friendship has triumphed over love: Sir Harry is quite a convert. How I wish you could see a most beautiful pair of ear-rings he has sent me as a trophy of friendship! and then his manner, Myrtilla, so noble and so refined! Alas! why fear I to confess? I am no longer afraid of his kisses, now I am convinced he is under the dominion of this noble sentiment. Nothing can equal the pure and elegant feelings with his bosom is inspired: every day brings me some fresh testimony, and I am perfectly decked in the emblematical dress of friendship. Oh friendship! friendship! 'balm of life, as the poet says. We have agreed to be brother and sister; and then he gives me such a fraternal kiss, as puts my whole frame into a glow of Platonic affection. Sweet, unblushing raptures! holy delights! which nothing but friendship can bestow. But I begin to rave!

"Wednesday. Six o'clock.—How shall thy poor Matilda express the sorrow she feels at being obliged to put off the visit of her dear Myrtilla! This saucy brother of mine vows he will not leave the house these three months. I assure you he is so proud of the victory which he has gained over himself, that he is quite imperious. I am afraid to send him away, lest his cure should not quite be complete. Brothers, you know are always unmanageable. I declare I am quite miserable about it; for I had formed the most enchanting plans for the month you were to spend with me. 'O Sensibility! thou bane of life,' as Shakspeare somewhere has it. I am delighted, however, to think that you will still see my helmet bonnet unimpaired, as well as the trophy to friendship, and the girdle, which brother Hal calls the *gage d'amitie*, since I am obliged to go directly into mourning; alas! how shall I write it? for my cousin Maria Wilhelmina, who was dearer to me by far than life. How I wish you could mingle your tears with mine, and comfort *mon cœur desespere!* My Brother will in the mean time act for you. I am sure, however, I shall never recover it while I move in this sublunary scene of turmoil and distraction. My brother longs to be introduced to you, and dies to call you sister. Adieu, *ma chere*, adieu, and believe me in agony, to embrace you,

Your fond, affectionate, afflicted friend,
Isabella, Clara, Matilda.

"P. S. Will the dear Myrtilla send her doating Matilda those pearl bracelets which she gave her at the unspeakable moment of their cruel separation; as Matilda, in the then deplorable state of her mind, forgot they were a grandmother's keep-sake. Matilda will send her Myrtilla in its place another lock of hair, as a dearer pledge of their sacred frendship. Alas! poor Yorick! Adieu, *tender amie.*"

I cannot help again repeating how happy I have been made by this opportunity of producing this genuine testimony to female friendship, which certainly helps very greatly to invalidate the counter evidence contained in the following report of actual cases which was read by Miranda to the Society.

Sempronia Pensive, and Henrietta Heartstrings, were a proverb in friendship for full four years, till Henrietta stood before Sempronia at a country dance.

Lucinda Treacle, and Anna Maria Myrtle, were inseparable, till Maria heard that Lucinda had somewhere hinted that she had heard it surmised that Maria's miniature was a little too flattering.

Dorinda Flounce, and Sophia Estifania Shepherd, prayed every night, by agreement, that they might be snatched from this sorry existence at the same instant of time. Dorinda is since dead, and Sophia has married her husband.

So necessary was Felicia Grace and Louisa Lovelace to each other's happiness, that they resolved to live under the same roof, to occupy the same bed, and to be buried under the same tombstone. This happy scheme of union took place on an evening last summer. Next morning a dispute arose about which had the smallest foot, and they separated.

Clarissa called her husband a brute, for combating her resolution to take her dear Georgiana to live with her. The request was at length complied with. Georgiana is since gone off with the brutal husband of Clarissa.

Sophonisba Lambent, and Clarinda Fonville, reciprocally bound themselves never to marry, that their sacred intercourse might meet with no interruption. Sophonisba is now the mother-in-law of Clarinda, and has cut off all her expectations from the fortune of her father, though Clarinda is herself a widow, with five young children.

Emeline was poor, and Penelope was rich: they were, however, the dearest friends on earth, till Penelope's brother fell in love with Emeline's sister.

Belinda was altogether indifferent about men; in the mean time there was something so like gallantry in her frienship for Fidelia, such squeezing of hands, and such tender appellations, that, in some minds prone to suspicion, there existed doubts about the sex of Belinda. After a certain time, however, Belinda's passion assumed a softer tone, and Fidelia's hands were free for some moments of the day for sewing and other vulgar offices. Soon after this change in Belinda's style of friendship, an unequivocal alteration was observed in her shape, and Belinda and the footman were both missing one morning at breakfast.

Charlotta Christina Clermont, and Corinna Vanessa Clarville, met first at Lady D——ell's. The moment Corinna entered the room, an irresistible something was felt at the heart of Charlotta: an inexplicable sympathy of minds united them the same evening in the bonds of friendship. Soon after, a law-suit took place between the parents, about an acre of ground; and the friendship of Charlotta and Corinna is a fund from which inexhaustible topics of slander are supplied, to the reciprocal hate of the families.

Cordelia was at a convent in France, and Antonia with her parents in Exeter. Letters of six sheets long, and breathing the purest flames of rapturous friendship, passed every post between them. Three mornings of every week were devoted to this enchanting intercourse by the disconsolate divided friends. In every letter they inveighed against a flinty world, that threw so many savage obstacles in the way of the dearest wishes of their hearts. Antonia would not open her lips to her guardian for three whole weeks, for hinting that the letters of Cordelia were a little too long. The troubles which soon after arose in France awakened such a degree of alarm in the agonized bosom of the faithful Antonia, that it was common for her to faint at the sight of a newspaper. On a cold winter's evening, and all unexpectedly, did Cordelia arrive at Exeter, and rush into the arms of the delighted Antonia. It happened that Antonia was dressed ready for a ball in the neighbourhood; and so deranged were her adjustment by this friendly assault, that being suffered to sit for two dances without a partner, she could not help attributing this disgrace to the outrageous warmth of Cordelia's embrace. Little more has been heard of their friendship since that fatal rencounter.

Such were the minutes laid before the Board at the last meeting of the Female Society. A profound silence ensued; and I could see that the eyes of all were turned towards me with much inquietude. I could willingly have been absent at this moment; and though the Society seemed to consider what had passed as affording me some occasion of triumph, I declare I was as much chagrined as any of them at the detail which I had heard. I felt myself so strongly called upon by my own feelings, as well as by the particular situation in which I stood, that, rising in my place, I made the following remarks, digested into something like a connected speech, as well as it could be done on so sudden an occasion. "I am sorry, Madam," addressing myself to Miranda, "to see this grave assembly so rebuked and discomfited by the statement that has been laid before this honourable board. It is impossible that I, penetrated as I am with the sense of my obligations towards your charming sex, can suffer such a dispiriting representation to stand unanswered on your records.

"First let me call to your minds a circumstance which forms a distinguishing feature in the character of true friendship—I mean the sobriety and steadiness of its march. There is a severity in the true sentiment, which renders it sparing in words; and a consciousness of sincerity, which disdains protestations. Like a deep majestic current, it flows along in tacit meanders; while the shallower streams pour down with impetuous force, and make the vallies ring with their turbulent insignificance. The tenour of true friendship being thus tranquil and sedate, is frequently unhonoured and unnoticed amidst the more clamorous pretensions of the bastard sentiment which assumes its name. It is on this account the less wonderful, that the person deputed by your Society to collect these documents, should have passed over instances which naturally retreat from observation, however frequent among your amiable sex, attracted by loud and plausible imitations.

"But, may I hazard a doctrine before this gentle audience, which suggests itself to my mind, as affording a complete justification of your sex on the score of their inferiority in the article of friendship to our own? There is, in love, an exclusive spirit which will hardly suffer any vigorous sentiment of another kind to hold a place in the heart: and a mind constructed with a peculiar bias towards love, is for the most part indifferent to the calls of friendship till the calls of this ruling passion are contented. Woman was made for love, and is inspired almost from her cradle with its sweet propensities. As she ripens in years, the tender principle expands; and for the want of a determinate object (for there is a time when the bosom dare hardly listen to its own whispers, and the heart trembles to espouse its own emotions) spreads itself over the whole character, penetrates every avenue of thought, and transpires in every feature of conduct.

"Friendship, being nearest, in its complexion and expression, to love, of any movement of the breast, the stream of this noble passion, that dares not proceed in its natural course, while the barriers of youth and modesty forbid it, finds here a channel for its plenitude of feeling to discharge itself; and affords, by its escape, a relief to the labouring spirits. But this torrent of new sensations, raises an unnatural storm in the placid current of friendship, inflates its glossy surface into foam and fury, and conjures up a scene of agitation and tumult in the place of serene and secure delights. All the sentiments and adoptions of a young woman are apt to derive the same romantic complexion from this oblique direction of the great principle of love; and to the same kind of perversions and obstructions we may perhaps attribute that peculiar cast of character which belongs, in the opinion of most men, to that description of females, denominated Old Maids.

"Whatever analogy, on a general view, there may appear to subsist between friendship and love, it is at least pretty manifest, as far as respects the ladies, that, where any extraordinary degree of either of these sentiments is found, there is, for the greater part, but a trifling proportion of the other. I am inclined to think, however, that, on a fair analysis of both, there would be discovered much less analogy than is supposed in their principles and procedure: but surely, suppose what we will, it is not more extraordinary that a mind, adapted to feel the supremest pleasures of love, should be but little conversant in the feelings of friendship, than that in any attainment where the faculties are carried to the top of their bent, lower degrees of excellence in the same kind should be passed over and neglected;—than that the high-mettled racer should be unfit for the road; or that the calculator of an eclipse should be deficient in common arithmetic.

"A little inquiry into the nature and operation of the passions, convinces us that friendship and love require, each of them, a peculiar built of mind; structures agreeing perhaps in the nature of their materials, but differing altogether in their style and manner; and, if the reader can bear another simile on this subject, the one is the masculine strength of the Tuscan column; while the elegant loftiness and profuse decoration of the Corinthian pillar best expresses the delicacy, richness, and elevation, which characterise the passion of love. Agreeably to this order of things, if the male part of the rational creation should be allowed to supply the most numerous instances of genuine friendship, it is in the female world that we are to search for the highest and purest examples of perfect love, and of that firm and magnanimous constancy that defies the malevolence of fate, or the seductions of interest. It seems as if nature had severally committed to the male and female, the maintenance of love and friendship in the world, as their respective trusts. Which is the more difficult task, I shall not pretend to determine: the present prevalence of luxury, and predominancy of interest, is equally hostile to both; but it may surely, with safety, be asserted, that modern love has not lost more of its original purity in the hands of the females, than modern friendship under the care of the men."

This address to my lit[illegible]ce was received with considerable app[illegible]se; and I was dismissed with assurances of eternal *friendship* from every individual present. As soon as I found myself alone, I fell involuntarily upon a pensive train of reflections, excited as well by the recollection of what had passed, as by a mournful conviction of the general decay of friendship among mankind: I felt too, that the case before me was more desperate than common; for friendship can be enforced neither by precept nor example, like a common duty of morality. It is not dependent on the will; and it were better not to feign, where there is not the heart to feel: it is dependent only on our most generous feelings, and softest sympathies; it must be produced. and not engrafted; born, and not adopted; and, ere we can hope to establish it in the mind, we must there first create a second nature, with a more favourable growth of habits, and a wholesomer progeny of interests and sensibilities.

In the mean time, what little friendship remains to the present generation, had need be well husbanded and protected: every one is capable of lending it a negative support, by conquering in himself, and discountenancing in others, the propensity to petty calumnies and detractions. Nothing, at this time of day, when there is so very great a scarcity of this quality amongst us, and when what little there is has so much to struggle with, would lie upon my conscience as a heavier reproach, than the remembrance of a dignified and disinterested union, dissolved by my impertinent or malignant suggestions. It is to scatter in the dust the fairest of our temporary rewards, and to trample upon the pledge of that promised futurity, in which brotherly love, and the harmony of our benevolent sensations, are perhaps to be the substance of our felicity. My readers will join me in the wish, that all such agents of discord, like Milo, in the closing fissure of the parted oak, may perish in the separation their hands have effected.

I cannot help adding to this paper, long as it is, a very pleasing little story, from the dialogue on friendship, in Lucian. Toxaris, a Scythian, and Menesippus, a Grecian, are contending for the superiority of their two countries, on this excellency of our nature. They each produce examples furnished by their respective nations; and, among others, related by the Grecian, is the following:

"Zenothemis, of Massilia, was the son of Charmoleus. When I was ambassador in Italy, he was pointed out to me in the streets, and a most beautiful young man he appeared to be; besides which, I was informed that his fortune and rank were superior to most. There sat by him, in a chariot, a woman, extremely ugly and deformed: she had but one eye, and her right side seemed to be palsied and shrunk; in short, nothing could be more disgusting than her appearance altogether. On expressing the utmost astonishment to see a youth, so handsome and engaging, coupled with such a piece of deformity, the whole affair was thus explained to me. Zenothemis was the dear friend of Menecrates, the father of this unlovely creature. They were originally of equal rank and fortune; but it happened that, on a certain occasion, Menecrates was at once deprived of all his riches, and stripped of his honours and dignities, by the six hundred senators, for giving sentence contrary to law. A deep dejection seized the heart of the unhappy man, on being thus reduced from affluence to absolute want, to which was added a load of infamy and disgrace. But there was a circumstance in his fortunes, which gave him more

pain than all besides, and that was the deformity of his daughter, the person you behold in that chariot, then about two and twenty, to whom no man, that was not a beggar, would have thought of uniting himself, even in the prosperity of the father, much less at a time when there was nothing in the other scale.

"As he was one day deploring these misfortunes to his friend, 'be comforted, said Zenothemis, you shall never feel the distresses of poverty, and this daughter of yours shall marry a man of family equal to her own.' Saying this he took Menecrates with him to his house, and obliged him to accept of a part of his fortune. He next ordered a very splendid entertainment to be got ready, to which Menecrates and some other friends were invited. As soon as they had supped, and poured a libation to the gods, Zenothemis took a goblet, charged to the brim with delicious wine, and holding it in his hand, 'Receive, says he to Menecrates, this cup of friendship from a son-in-law, for this very day do I mean to wed your daughter, Cydimache!' 'Zenothemis, replied the father, this cannot be; I can never bear to see you, my virtuous friend, with your merits and person, made so miserable by such an unsuitable connection.' Zenothemis, without listening to the father, led forth the delighted maid into the bride-chamber, and, after a while, returned to Menecrates. From that time he has lived with her, treats her with exemplary constancy, regard, and even tenderness, and, as you see, carries her with him wherever he goes. So far from being ashamed of the match, it is his glory, and he feels himself the happiest of men in having had it thus in his power to do honour to the name of friendship. Providence has rewarded his merit, in giving him a most beautiful boy, the fruit of this connection. The other day he carried this little child into the senate, with an olive-branch round its head, and clad in mourning, to excite their pity in behalf of its grand-father. The child smiled sweetly upon those around him, and clapped its hands before the senators, who were so wrought upon by the little orator, that they pardoned Menecrates, and restored him, soon after, to his fortune and his honours."

HUMOROUS OBSERVATIONS

ON THE DIFFERENT MODES OF USING TOBACCO.

From the Edinburgh Weekly Magazine.

SIR,

There is a custom or habit which I am surprised has hitherto escaped the animadversion of your correspondents; I mean the use made of the tobacco plant, which is the produce of Virginia, and lately flourished in this country until the English merchants became jealous of its growth, and had it interdicted by act of parliament, thereby proving that their senators may (if they are for no better uses) serve as *tobacco stoppers*. The use of tobacco is twofold—I divide it into two parts for the sake of method; first, *snuff*, and secondly, *tobacco*.

The use of snuff is threefold; first, political; secondly oratorical; and, thirdly, pleasurable.

First, *political*. A coffee-house politician may, indeed, make a shift to read a newspaper without it, but I dare say, that whoever has seen a genuine *Quidnunc* perusing the newspapers, and descanting on the lies of the day, with an ounce of *rappee*, must confess with me, that the use of snuff gives a gravity, a dignity, a solemnity, a—a—don't know what—kind of a look to a politician, which enhances the value of all he says.

Secondly, the use of snuff is *oratorical*. In long discourses, and on political subjects, when one's memory is apt to beguile one into tedious relations beyond its depth, the interruption of a pinch of snuff clears the brain, refreshes the power of recollection, and gives a sort of modest assurance to the countenance, which may be easier *conceived* from my mention of it, than *expressed* by the finest pencil.—An instance of this I had t'other day.—Two gentlemen, brothers, who very seldom visit each other, unless by slight incivilities, lately met at a coffee-house.—One of them, who is remarkable for taking snuff, gave me an account of their interview in this manner:

"I saw my brother Robert to-day."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Why! (*pinch*) he said, d—n your ugly face!"

"Indeed!————and what said you?"

"I said, (*pinch*) d—n your's!—(*pinch*)"

Here now, sir, you may see the use of snuff was to him in the relation of this wonderful proof of brotherly love and friendship.

The clergy, too, especially those who speak *extempore*, find it much to their interest to handle the snuff-box. And a pinch or two taken in season, and at proper intervals, gives a degree of order and consistency to their harangues, which, if it be not an inherent principle in snuff, is at least greatly promoted by it. I know a celebrated preacher, who takes snuff so often, that he finds it impossible to refrain from it during prayer, and has been observed to spit and cough on purpose to keep his muscles in action.

Thirdly, *snuff* is pleasurable, polite, and fashionable. A beau, with a snuff-box, is an appearance taken notice of by the oldest English satirists. To be able to take snuff in the boxes of the play-house, with a good grace, as Lord Chesterfield would call it, gives a man a degree of consequence, which neither merit, learning, nor genius can possibly bestow. Observe a beau criticising to a company of ladies in the front box.

"Ha, my dear lady Betty! are you here? You gave us the slip last night! (*takes out the box with a flourish*) charming spirits my Lord was in last night!—by Gad—(*tapping the box*)—there are few men who exceed him—(*takes a pinch*) what is the play?—O! Macbeth. I don't remember the plot. (*pinch*) one of O'Keefe's I believe—ha! ha! the witches are a good thought—(*pinch*)."

I said that the use of the tobacco plant was twofold. First, snuff, which I have discussed; and, secondly, tobacco, on which I now enter:

The use of tobacco is principally confined to *politics*, a science which has been disseminated among the lower class of the people, in proportion to the importation and retail of the best Virginia, at three half pence a paper. By means of tobacco have our actions in the field been reacted, our captured fleets re-captured, parliamentary speeches re-spoken; and all our buried animosities raised from the dead, for the benefit of the living. View Mr. Double-chin at the round table, when he *smokes* the news of the day... He is, by education, a tallow-chandler; by corpulence, is qualified to make candles of himself; and by inclination, would fain be high chancellor.

"Ay! well——hum——hum——these fellows are sometimes convicted (*puff*)—and what will be done?—(*puff*)—pillory, perhaps, or a small fine; ay, ay! 'tis we poor folks go to the gallows, (*puff*)—your great scoundrels think no more of the gallows than they do of the day of judgment—(*puff*). It don't signify talking!—(*puff, puff*) I remember to have read, (*puff*) when I was at school (*puff, puff*) of the Romans and Grecians, and such kind of folks, (*puff*) they know something—but we, (*puff*), *puff*) with our patriots—ah! (*puff, puff*) they are no better, as a body may say, (*puff*) than so many fellows, who—but that's neither here nor there—your health, Mr. Spriggs—ah! we'll have a fresh pot———(*puff, puff, pooh—o—o*) here goes."

Thus, sir, by the interposition of a few good *puffs*, or columns of smoke, a man may support an harangue for an hour or two, and prove himself a steady patriot, and a great master of his subject; and, that without saying one word to the purpose, or finishing a sentence.

As such, then, are the benefits resulting from snuff and tobacco, I am afraid that any thing I have to say on the subject, will have very little effect in curing those who are addicted to smoking and snuff taking. I shall therefore say nothing concerning delicacy or health—I shall say nothing of a face turned yellow by snuff-taking, nor of the tone of the stomach weakened by the narcotic fumes of tobacco. I shall say nothing of the uselessness of snuff and tobacco, to those who practice snuffing and smoking, when they really come to need them.—Such advice will be thrown away, I might as well preach temperance to the town council of———, expect wit in a comedy writer, or common sense in a love song.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c. QUID.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[The following is preserved as a proof of the dignity and decision of a British Judge. We hope it will be an *example* to every Court, where officers, or suitors are not only careless of decorum, but whose republican freedom verges on audacity.]

June 7.—Noise in Court.

During the course of the day the Court was very much disturbed by the talking of people in the Hall. His Lordship at last declared, he *must commit* some one, if it continued. At length one of the Constables brought in a man, whom, he said, he found talking, and desired to be quiet; but that instead of doing it, he said he *would make as much noise as he pleased. The Constable being sworn to this, Lord Ellenborough ordered him to *be committed to Newgate.*

The man denied that he had said as was alleged against him; he added, that he was porter at the Falcon, in Aldersgate-street, was subpœned upon a cause, and that he was only speaking to a servant who was also subpœned on the same cause.—He prayed he might not be sent to Newgate, as he was a housekeeper, and could find bail.

Lord Ellenborough said, he was committed for a contempt, and could not be bailed; however, he should order him to Newgate for the present, and to be brought up at the rising of the Court, when, if he had a *proper sense of his indecorum, in disturbing the proceedings of a Court of Justice*, his imprisonment might terminate.—He was accordingly committed until the rising of the Court, and then discharged.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Extract of a letter from Paris, dated June 13, 1777.

We are still without any news from America, except what we get by the way of England. The campaign was not opened the end of April. Howe being scarce of provisions, and without forage. I have seen a letter from an English officer in the service, dated the twenty-fifth of that month, and have been much pleased with the sight of it; a horrid pleasure, which derives its source from the prospect of human misery. The flux raged much in the army of the Philistines, as the saints of New-England style it, owing to their food, salted meat, and no sort of vegetable. I believe a certain brig, from a place called Rotterdam,

* This fellow was a genuine *Son of Liberty*. A right to be vulgar, a right to be refractory, a right to be turbulent, a right of insolence, and a right of rascality are unquestionably among the rights of man.

has fallen into the hands of the chosen people, for one of my countrymen crossed the Atlantic in a small vessel of about twenty tons, on purpose to take her, at least he informs me that he had carried into Cherbourgh a brig laden with about 200 hogsheads of Geneva, some pitch, oil, &c. from Rotterdam; which said articles will, before this reaches you, be metamorphosed into Louis d'ors of France. I have crossed the Chessapeak in this very ferry boat, in which my bold countryman crossed the Atlantic. I had been told by a man high in office, in England, that resistance was a chimera in us, since their armed vessels would swarm so much in our rivers as even to intercept the ferry boats, his assertions are verified, vice versa, our ferry boats ruin their commerce. You smile, and think me amusing you, be assured that is not the case. This very little boat took on her passage another brig of 200 tons, from Alicant, and sent her into America; she also took four or five vessels in the channel, chiefly smugglers, and plundered them of their cash, and the captain, being a good natured fellow, let them go as he did a transport, which he took in sight of a man-of-war, and was obliged again to give her up, bringing off, however, with him his people. He has promised for the future to burn those he cannot send in, and, I believe, will be as good as his word; this is the way the English serve not only ours, but the French vessels they take on our coast. This captain tells me he was told this last circumstance by several French captains, whom he saw prisoners, (himself a prisoner,) at New-York. The eyes of this court will be opened, it is to be hoped, before it is too late, a war being inevitable, in my opinion, for if the exertions of England do not succeed to force an accommodation, they will unite with us on our own terms, and pointing out from the past how little effective assistance we have to hope from France for the future, will make a war with this nation one article of the Federal Union. Which ever strikes first will probably succeed. Our valuable commerce is more hurt on the French coast than on our own. We have lost above £60,000 sterling, from S. Carolina only, all which was coming to be laid out for French manufactures. It is a fact, at present, that the manufactures of this country cannot execute so fast as they receive orders.

The English papers, published by the authority of general Howe, at New-York, tell, with triumph, that one of their cruisers had sunk a twenty gun French ship at some distance from the mouth of the Delaware, and every soul perished. We have some fears that this is the Amphitrite. Another ship was taken, French property, a few leagues from the harbour of St. Pierre, which she had just quitted. If they dare do this, in their present critical situation, what will they not dare, if successful, or at peace, and united with us?

I wrote you before, what I repeat again, that had general Howe got possession of Philadelphia last winter, as insolent a memorial, as that presented by Sir J. Y. would have been presented by Lord S.....t here, and had not their demands been instantly complied with, the immediate destruction of French commerce would have been the consequence. All the navy, all the army contracts are made, for five years, in England. Letters of marque were given to contractors and friends of government, for what? to cruise against our trade? No! but to be ready, at a signal given, to enrich themselves by the first captures on the French nation; for the gleanings of our commerce is no object for a private adventurer, assured as the English ministry are of the pacific intentions of this court. From the quarter I mentioned to you in my last, they will try its patience, and they do right, for the only hope they now have of conquering us, is to deprive us of the means of resistance, and the hopes of foreign aid, which keeps up the spirits of the people. If the Amphitrite is really lost, General Washington will open the campaign, without any of their military stores, so long promised, and so vainly expected, except about twelve thousand muskets.

We expect, with impatience, direct news from America; the moment it arrives, I will communicate it to you. The gentlemen are well, and beg me to present compliments, &c.

I am,
Dear sir,
Yours, &c.
W. Carmichael.

P. S. You will not mention, publicly, for particular reasons, the history of the little privateer. When the captain of our small privateer boarded the transport, and told him he was his prisoner, he very insolently asked him where his ship was, not conceiving that any person would have crossed the ocean in so small a boat.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A keen observer of the character of those, whom I believe my Lord Clarendon calls 'ignorant and fanatical persons,' tells the following anecdote.

When Sir John Lamb urged Williams, bishop of Lincoln, to prosecute the puritans, the prelate asked what sort of people these same puritans were? Sir John replied, 'that, *to the world*, they *seemed* to be such as would not swear, whore, or be drunk; but they would lie, cozen, and deceive: that they would frequently hear two sermons in a day, and repeat them too, and that sometimes they would fast all day long.' This character must be conceived to be satirical; yet it may be allowed that that sect was more averse to such irregularities, as proceed from the excess of gaiety and pleasure, than to a cruel intolerance of other sectaries, or to spiritual pride and hypocrisy.

—

Mr. Green, one of those falsely called the minor poets, and who was himself, we believe, a sectary, has very candidly, and very faithfully, drawn the character of the austere disciples of John Calvin. Nothing can be more picturesque than the view given of the starched preciseness, the gloomy fanaticism, and *extemporaneous* absurdity of the puritans:

They, so pure, and so precise,
Immac'late, as their white of eyes,
Who, for the spirit, hug the spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien.
Who their *ill tasted homebrew'd pray'r*
To the state's *mellow forms* prefer,
And doctrines as infectious fear,
Which are not *steep'd* in *vinegar*.

—

It is very hard upon the female sex that they cannot dispose of husbands at Smithfield, as the latter dispose of their wives—Smithfield is a market for *horned cattle*.

—

Bonaparte, when he entered Calais, is said to have worn a very *shabby* uniform; should he attempt to land in England, he will, in all probability, be *well dressed*.

—

The complaints against the new duty on windows are most unreasonable, for, after all, it is but a *light* tax.

—

Fourteen *waiters* were lately taken by a press gang. It was rather hard that these men, whose lives had been dedicated to the services of others, should, upon this occasion, have wanted the power to *help themselves*.

—

LEGAL REFINEMENT.

The coroner's jury having sat, a few weeks ago, on the body of a young lady, who had hung herself in a fit of *love phrenzy*, brought in their verdict—'*Died by the visitation of Cupid.*'

—

The abbé Sieyes says, that, in order to arrive at the summit of tyranny, it is absolutely necessary to extinguish all compunctions of conscience, and to silence the press. Bonaparte has taken the abbé's hints.

—

Monday morning, about eight o'clock, Corporal Lynn, of the second battalion of the artillery, was shot at Woolwich Warren, for having deserted from three several regiments. The procession from the prison was as follows:—First drums and fifes; second, the prisoner; then six privates; and lastly, the band. The prisoner shewed not the least signs of dismay or contrition; and even the moment before his execution, he smiled and said, without the least concern, it was the happiest day of his life. He sat down on the coffin: the soldiers appointed for that purpose, fired and killed him instantly.

[*London paper.*

—

Men of the world, says Mr. D'Israeli, are as curious to have a glance at a celebrated author, as they would be at some uncommon animal.—He is therefore sometimes exhibited, and spectators invited. A croud of frivolists gaze at a man of letters, and catch the sounds of his ideas, as children regard the reflections of a magic lanthorn.

—

The respect which the higher classes shew to the literary character, proceeds from habitual politeness, and not from any sensibility of admiration. That this is true, proceeds from this circumstance; that should the literary character in return refuse to accommodate himself to their regulations, and have not the art of discovering what quality they expect to be remarked in themselves, he will soon be forsaken; and he may say what Socrates did at the court of Cyprus—"What I know is not proper for this place, and what is proper for this place I know not."

—

The following curious passage from Goldsmith's life of Bolingbroke, records a circumstance, which, perhaps, is sufficient to explain the cause of that nobleman's infidelity. He, who in youth falls into the hands of fanatics, is extremely prone in age to throw himself into the arms of the Deists.

"At that time Daniel Burgess, a fanatic of a very peculiar kind, being at once possessed of zeal and humour, and as well known for the archness of his conceits, as the furious obstinacy of his principles, was confessor, in the Presbyterian way, to his grandmother; and was appointed to direct our author's first studies. Nothing is so apt to disgust a feeling mind as mistaken zeal; and perhaps the absurdity of the first lectures he received, might have given him that contempt for all religions, *which he might have justly conceived against one.* Indeed, no task can be more mortifying, than that which he was condemned to undergo. 'I was obliged,' says he in one place, 'while yet a boy, to read over the commentaries of Dr. Manton, whose pride it was to have made an hundred and nineteen sermons upon the hundred and nineteenth Psalm.' Dr. Manton and his sermons were not likely to prevail much on one, who was perhaps the most sharp-sighted in the world at discovering the absurdity of others,

however he might be guilty of establishing his own."

—

A man in America lately brought an action of *Crim. Con.* against a *Saddler.* As the Lady was proved to be a *loose fish* he was nonsuited, when the Judge very coolly observed—"The Plaintiff has not put the *saddle* on the *right horse*!"

[*Lond. paper.*

—

A Gentleman of the name of *Frost* lately told another, that he wished to have his *genealogy made out.* "Wait (said his friend) till the next fall of snow, and then you may *trace it.*"

—

It is a complaint that the Parisian Belles, distinguished by their *splendid beds*, have no *nurseries.* It must always be recollected, on this important subject, that the *splendid beds*, are the *day-beds*, or *slight-indisposition beds*; the *night beds* and the *nurseries* are in another wing!

—

The sudden change of weather recals two lines of *Taylor*, the water poet—

"And when the thaw comes on a sudden,
The streets are just like batter'd pudding!"

—

In London, according to Mr. Wendeborn, there are Forty thousand nuns, of the order of Charity, whose proper business it is to cure the sick of Love, and never did an order better fulfil the purposes of its institution.

—

SONNET.

THE VILLAGE SABBATH.

The farm-house left, from upland hills and dells,
The rustic troop crowd thro' the church-yard lane;
With lively chime resound the busy bells,
As wind their footsteps to the ivy'd fane.
Dress'd in their Sunday shoes, their milk-white frock,
The lisping younkers trudge with shining face;
The Curate, watchful shepherd of his flock,
Smiles on his charge with unaffected grace.
His partner, doctress of the peasant train,
Her offspring by, showers blessing as she goes;
Their little hands huge books of prayer sustain,
Their cheeks more ruddy than the damask rose!
Blest emblems of the golden age!—how few
Scenes of tranquillity, like your's, pursue.

—

ROYAL CLEMENCY.

Yesterday morning his Majesty and the Duke of Cumberland, attended by General Gwynn, rode on horseback towards Peckham, and returned along the Bird-cage-walk, to the Queen's House. Just as his Majesty came along, a private of the third regiment was receiving punishment for deserting from Winchester, which, when the King saw, he, with great goodness of heart, extended the Royal Clemency; ordered the poor fellow to be taken from the halberts, and the remaining part of his punishment to be dispensed with. He had been sentenced to receive 400 lashes.

—

Change of Studies....Two gentlemen, who had been school-fellows, meeting, after a lapse of years, inquiry arose after another companion of their boyish days, to which it was replied, that from the *pulpit* he had taken to the *bar!* Upon explanation, it came out that his business was that of an *auctioneer*, and that he had recently married an *inn-keeper's daughter!*

—

Fallen Greatness!—As a smart *Bond-street Lounger* was yesterday traversing Piccadilly, an insolent Putney Coachman shoved the *Sweet-scented Beau* off the kirb-stone, near Hatchett's, White Horse Cellar, when, dreadful to relate! there was a sudden unexpected *demolition* of the *natty fellow!* In his fall, not only the *hat* and *wig* gave way, but out dropt an *eye*, off fell an *arm*, and the very *calves* of his *legs* were removed from their proper station! After collecting *his scattered fragments*, he took refuge in a hackney-coach, and drove off amidst the consternation and laughter of the populace!

—

The following ancedote, related by D'Israeli, is a striking example of the national character of France. "Molé, a favourite actor, is taken ill, and is confined to his chamber. When this is announced from the Stage, the gaiety of Paris suddenly lours with gloom. The next day his door is besieged by inquiring crouds. His health is the conversation of all companies. It appeared as if Scipio lay confined, and the virtuous Romans passed their hours in melancholy anxiety for the life of their protector. The physicians find Molé in an exhausted state, and prescribe a free use of wine. This prescription is soon known in the circles at Paris; and Molé finds two thousand bottles of the finest Burgundy sent to his house from various quarters. Molé at length recovers. All Paris rejoices, and rushes to his benefit. Such was the public ardour that it produced him the amazing sum of 24,000 livres. Molé gratefully receives the valuable tribute of their applause. He was in debt and the benefit formed all his fortune. How then does Molé apply his 24,000 livres? An Englishman would have purchased an annuity or paid his debts. Molé runs to the jeweller, takes its amount in brilliants, and gives them to his Mistress, who boasts that she wears all the honours of the Public."

This serves at once to display the frivolity of the nation and the individual. All Paris is concerned for the indisposition of an actor and all terminates in giving diamonds to an imprudent brunette.

—

In the following sketch of life, in the form of a Dramatic description, we see this

—"Dull farce, this empty show,
Powder and pocket glass, and beau."

most justly pourtrayed.

Description of a Farce acted by all mankind.

The world is a theatre; mankind are the comedians; chance composes the piece and fortune distributes the parts—theologists, and politicians govern the machines; and philosophers are the spectators. The rich take their places in the pit and upper boxes, the powerful in the front and sides, and the galleries are for the poor. The women distribute fruit and refreshments, and the unfortunate snuff the candles. Folly composes the overture, and time draws the curtain—The opening of the farce begins with sighs and fears: the first act abounds with the chimerical projects of men:—The frantic testify their applause with re-echoed bravoes whilst the sagacious bring their cat-calls into play to damn the performance. At going in, a sort of money is paid, called *trouble*, and in exchange a ticket is given, subscribed *uneasiness*, in order to obtain a place. The variety of objects which appear, for a short time divert the spectators; but the unravelling of the plot and intrigues, well or ill concerted, force the risible muscles of the philosophers.—We see giants who presently become pigmies and dwarfs, who imperceptibly attain a monstrous height. There we see men exerting all their efforts in the pursuit of the most eligible plans, guided by prudence, and armed with precaution, who are, nevertheless, circumvented in all their pursuits, and frustrated in all their endeavours; whilst here we observe a group of indolent, careless fellows, who attain the highest summit of mundane felicity. Such is the farce of this world, and he who would choose to divert himself with it at his leisure, should take his place in some obscure corner where he may unobserved be a spectator of the whole performance, and in safety laugh at it, as it deserves.

—

Some Sappho of our country has lately addressed a short poetical essay to the Editor of a village Journal, and she thus artfully and persuasively commences her poem.

TO THE PRINTER.

Permit a giddy, trifling Girl,
For once to fill your poet's corner;
She cares not how the critics snarl,
Or beaux and macaronies scorn her.

She longs in print her lines to see;
Oblige her, (sure you can't refuse it)
And if you find her out, your *fee*
Shall be—*to kiss her*—if you choose it.

—

The short lived, miserable and treacherous Peace of Amiens, is thus described in one of the most recent English Journals.

The honour of the British flag has been bartered away by a peace, a *ruinous* and *infamous* peace, from which have flowed all the evils now experienced by this *dishonoured Country.* Queen Mary, when at the point of death, told her attendants to have her opened, and to look for Calais at the bottom of her heart. So, when England expires, at the bottom of her heart will be found, the *poisonous*, the *corroding*, the* *accursed* treaty of Amiens.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Bage, the author of that well known and elegant novel, '*Man as he is not*,' published some years since, a work of the same original and sprightly cast, entitled '*Mount Henneth*,' and another with the name of the '*Fair Syrian*,' both of which have been commended by the critics, not more lavishly than justly. These books, if not out of print, are very scarce; but it is imagined they may be found in some private, or circulating library. The proprietor of these books will please the Editor by a loan of them, addressed to No. 25, North Second-street. Though some of this writer's sentiments are exceptionable, yet his epistolary ease is so striking, his wit so arch, and his humour so playful, that we are always sure to be pleased with his manner, though we may not always be edified by his opinions.

We are edified by a renewal of Florian's correspondence. We hope this writer will oblige us with many of his essays.

We are grateful to our fast friend for more transcripts from the vigorous version of SILIUS ITALICUS.

A very ingenious speculation upon the utility of Labour, even to Genius, merits our particular attention.

We should be glad of an opportunity to inspect a number, or a volume of Sharp's British Classics.

It has been rumoured that Mrs. Radcliffe has for some time been engaged in the composition of a Romance, of a very superior cast. We should be glad if any of our reading friends could ascertain the fact.

* The unpopularity of the present British ministry is not only mentioned by the indignant Author of the above paragraph, but by a disinterested and calm observer. In a letter from a friend in England, I find the following passage.

Of the present administration I wish I could speak with praise. But it does not deserve it. Mr. Addington has very little of the confidence of the people, and holds his place only by his mean and servile conduct to the King. He is the first minister, who feared to act without the immediate orders of his Majesty, and as the King loves to be engaged, he is much pleased with Addington's sycophancy. Thus, the talents of Mr. Pitt and his friends are rendered useless to the nation at the very season when they are most wanted, and the energies of the Kingdom are directed by a Courtier.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Parody on Romeo's description of an Apothecary.

I do remember a precise old maid,
And hereabout she dwells—whom late I noted
In rustling gown, with wan and wither'd lips,
Demure and formal, dusting-cloth in hand,
Rubbing her chairs, and meagre were her looks.
Envy had worn her to the very bones;
And in her shining parlour, flow'r pots stood,
Deck'd with geranium and jessamine,
And orange trees, and roses, pinks, and lilies,
'*Bachelor's buttons*,' crisp as she herself,
And lowly passion-flow'r, the type of love.
Six chairs, two tables, and a looking-glass,
Were burnish'd bright and oft; and round the room,
On wall, in closet, or on mantle-piece,
An old work basket, sal-volatile,
Portraits of maiden aunts, in ball-room suit,
With lamb or lap-dog hanging on their arms,
Novels from Circulating Library,
'Law's serious call to unconverted' folks,
Love elegies, a Bible, and a cat,
Were duly set, for ornament or use,
As spleen prevail'd, or visitors came in.
List'ning, as through the house her shrill voice scream'd,
Scolding the servants, to myself I said,
An if a man did wish to gain a wife,
With *show* of courtship, here's an ancient maid,
Whose lips have practis'd long before the glass,
The faint refusal, and the eager *yes*
Following as quick as echo to the sound.
And this same thought does but forerun my need,
I'll instant seek—some *younger* maid to wed!
As I remember this should be the house.
Being twilight-hour, she's out upon the trot
To barter scandal for a dish of tea.

Touchstone.

SELECTED POETRY.

[To an ingenious poem, entitled The Peasants Fate, which we strongly recommend, the author, Mr. Halloway, has appended several miscellaneous pieces of poetry, which will agreeably beguile an afternoon hour. Among these, that which excites the broadest laugh is the following tale, with a conclusion equally whimsical and unexpected.]

Tom Hoggard was a waggish lad,
As any in the village;
And three lean steeds were all he had,
For riding, draught, and tillage.

With faggots to the neighbouring town
Oft crept his creaking waggon,
While slow, along the dusty down,
Behind the swain would lag on.

And always, as that road he pass'd,
A bonny Scot would meet him,
With weighty pack his shoulders grac'd,
And thus was sure to greet him:

'Ho! Joskin, laddy, what d'ye buy?
I've muslins choice and plenty,
Lawns—laces—cambrics—purchase, try,
I warrant I'll content ye.'

Thus once or twice a week at least,
He found himself embarrass'd,
And studied hard to turn the jest
On him, who teiz'd and harrass'd.

One day, as usual, on his road,
He met the merchant toiling;
And hail'd him thus, 'man pitch your load,
And cease from your turmoiling;
I want an article or two,
Come, let us zee your treasure.'
'Aye, said the Scotchman, that I'll do,
And that wi' muckle pleasure.'

With this the lumbering pack he pitch'd,
First loosen'd from his shoulders,
With wealth of either Ind enrich'd,
The wonder of beholders.

With two brown hands upon the lid
Tom stood, and lean'd him over,
While Sawney rummag'd every lid
Its beauties to discover.

He held his pieces to the sun,
And, claiming due attention,
His chapman told, of every one,
The praise he scarce could mention.

'Nor this, nor that, Tom cooly cried,
Will suit my inclination.'
The trader's smile his heart belied,
That rankled with vexation.

'But tell me plainly what you want?'
The testy Scotchman grumbled,
'Why—what your walking ware-house han't,'
The crafty Thomas mumbled.

Then added, with a sneering smile,—
'Your search, you may forbear it;
I wanted—a *vore waggon wheel*,
But you ha nothing near it!'

—

[Dr. J. Aiken, in the following little poem, has well described the lonely condition of a recluse, and suggested a remedy against the spleen of solitude, which all but the most obstinate and incorrigible of old bachelors must pronounce *sweet*, if not salutary.]

A FIRE SIDE MEDITATION.

Alone, with books encompass'd round,
Immers'd in studious thought profound,
I sit, in elbow chair reclin'd,
With wrinkled brow and hands entwin'd,
Regardless of the taper's blaze,
While lengthening snuff obscures its rays;
And conjuring up to Fancy's eye
The shade of many a year gone by,
I view it in its livery drest,
Of gloomy, gay, or varied vest,
With all its evanescent train,
The baby forms of joy and pain.
As thus I muse, a fond desire,
In Reason's semblance, bids inquire
From what kind source imparted flow
Man's choicest blessings here below;
What the best boon of nature's giving
That makes our lives most worth the living;
The precious drug, whose taste and flavour
O'erpowers a world of bitter savour?
No tedious doubts my mind perplex;
Felicity's of *female sex*;
From female features she dispenses
The beams that gladen all the senses;
And gives us in the *female soul*
A charm all sorrow to controul.
As to the wand'rer in the night
When scarce a star affords its light,
The far strecht wild and forest drear,
Involv'd in horror's gloom appear;
If chance the moon, with rising beam,
Thro' the drear mantle flings a stream
Of silver radiance, darkness flies,
And brighten'd prospects cheer his eyes:
So, deck'd in smiles, and modest grace,
When Love illumes the matron face,
Or from the virgin's blooming cheek
Kind thoughts and sprightly meanings speak
The genial heat and vivid ray
Chase the black fiends of life away;
Care's frightful phantoms soon are fled,
Dull Languor lifts his heavy head,
And rescued man is forc'd to own
To *bless* is *woman's* part alone.
O when the sense of female charms
The languid blood no longer warms;
When, proof to all the pleasing wiles,
Soft looks, sweet words, and sweeter smiles,
I sit, through privilege of age,
A moping melancholy sage.
Though deep in philosophic lore,
Soon may the tasteless scene be o'er!
For, cold at heart, and cas'd in lead,
T'were time, indeed, that I was dead!

—

[The following song, from Stephens's *Oxford Miscellanies*, 1685, though false in sentiment, yet it is remarkable for some singular combinations of thought, such as were fashionable in that quaint age.]

Reason! thou vain impertinence,
Deluding hypocrite, begone!
And go and plague your men of sense,
But let my love and me alone.

In vain some dreaming, thinking fool,
Would make thee o'er our senses reign,
And all our noble passions rule,
And constitute this creature man.

In vain some dotard may pretend
Thou art our torch to happiness;
To happiness, which poor mankind
As little know as paradise.

At best, thou'rt but a glimmering light
Which serves not to direct our way,
But, like the moon, confounds our sight,
And only shews it is not day.

—

[Mrs. Afra Behn was celebrated by most of the wits and gallants of her age, and was at least as famous for her intrigues, as for her writings. She composed, with masculine effrontery, the licentious scenes of a wanton play, whose ribaldry would not now attract an audience even at Bartholomew Fair. But she can be modest and tender sometimes, and the following song is unpolluted by her usual depravation.]

Love in fantastic triumph sate,
While bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he show'd:

From thy bright eyes he took his fire,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But t'was from mine he took desire,
Enough to inflame the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty,
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee.

Thus, thou and I the god have arm'd,
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
While thine the victor is and free.

—

['The ensuing epigram is one of the archest we have ever perused, at the expense of the cheating relatives of painted Jezabel.]

Aspasia's cheeks, in *vermeil* drest,
With tender love my heart inspired,
My lips her beauteous roses press'd,
And *took off* all that I admired.

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